THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

YEARS AGONE AND YEARS TO COME.

"O Love divine, all life is thine,
  Thy changless beauty crowns our years,
Thy fadeless splendors round us shine
  Thy hand upholds the rolling spheres.

. . . . . .

O Lord of life and light and love,
  The years to come are safe with Thee;
Clothe us with wisdom from above,
  And make us brave and strong and free."

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

FAR-REACHING INFLUENCES.

In The Pacific last week was a poem by Washington Gladden, entitled 'Ultima Veritas," which has connected with it a very interesting incident. Years ago, when Dr. Gladden was on the preachers' staff at Harvard, a young man came to him and said:

"A year ago I was a senior here and was secretary of the College Young Men's Christian Association. When I graduated, the International Committee of that organization sent me to Ceylon to take charge of work in that field. It was a long journey, and I had much time to think.

I began to examine the foundations of my faith, and soon found to my dismay that they were very insecure. I was not sure of anything. But I thought that when I reached my destination and went to work, my troubles would disappear; and so it was. But before long the committee picked me up again and sent me to Bombay. I had another long voyage and another battle with my doubts, and this time the overthrow was complete. I knew that I had no faith and that I had no right to preach to others a doctrine which I did not believe. I went ashore and told the authorities the truth about it, and took the first ship for New York. That first night was a gloomy night. The faith of my childhood was gone. I was sure of nothing. I sat upon the deck awhile; then I thought of a little book of daily devotional readings in my stateroom and had a sudden curiosity to know what the message for that day might be I went down and opened the book and this was part of the word to me—these two verses with your name signed to them. I know them by heart:

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,—

While the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

That was all. I did not know you, but these words brought light and hope to me. I said, "Here's a man who has found something to hold on to. There must be something. I shall find it." And do you know, I have been clinging to that hope ever since. When I landed in New York there were reasons why I could not go to my own home. I was at a loss to know what to do, but finally came to Cambridge. I arrived last night, and one of the first things I learned was that you were here. And I have come to you to have you tell me what the things are that cannot fail."

Dr. Gladden writes: "It was easy to satisfy myself that there was more faith in this young man's honest doubt than in half the creeds; and after an hour or two of talk I sent him away with the assurance that he would soon find his way out of the woods." And so it proved, for not long afterward Dr. Gladden had a letter from the young man telling him that his word had come true, that he was out of the jungle, with a clear path before his feet.

This very suggestive story, as well as the poem, we get from the volume of poems by Dr. Gladden, which was published about a year ago by the Pilgrim Press.

Among the other poems therein is one read at the dedication of the Mark Hopkins' Memorial Hall, in which is this stanza:

"Thy gifts, O God, are large and free,
Yet, best of all thy love bestows,
The souls wherein thy light we see,
The lips whereon thy message glows."

It must have been very gratifying to Dr. Gladden to find his poem of faith coming back to him from the ends of the earth with such fruitage!

Centuries ago a prophet in Israel wrote down as a "thus saith the Lord": "For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

At a time in his life when Sidney Lanier was struggling in lonely and somewhat discouraging surroundings and circumstances he wrote to his wife: "The poetry is good poetry, the music is good music, and the soul that needs it will find it."

And another of our poets has said:

"There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
And the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away."

DAYS OF FINANCIAL DISASTER AND SUFFERING.

A large number of people throughout the country are reaping in deprivation and suffering and sadness the effects of recent legislation by the federal and state governments.

More persons are out of employment than at any other time for many years, and because of failure on the part of two leading railroads in New England to pay dividends the incomes of thousands of women and aged persons have been so cut off that great distress prevails there among people who had thought that the savings of years had been so invested as to be ever safe from loss.

This is not to say that the legislation which has brought all this calamity will not prove to have been wise ultimately. There are many who believe it will; and there are many who believe that it will not. Only time will tell.

Be that as it may, the distress into which so many have been brought will have a tendency to make people more cautious about changing the laws, for which changes there has been of late much popular clamor. More and more people are beginning to wonder whether it is not better to bear the ills we have than to fly to others we know not of.

What is needed in this country today is more foresight in legislation. Much of it is a leap in the dark.

It is interesting to note in this connection what a New England banker said concerning the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad disaster:

"Mellen had started to build throughout New England an empire of transportation which, when completed, and under decent compensation for transportation, would probably have worked into a huge success. It was as if one of your great skyscrapers had been nearly finished and a halt was suddenly called, all work stopped, and the big building deserted and left to the elements. Allowed to complete its purpose of a great office building teeming with tenants, it would have filled a proud and useful place in the city's business. Its marbles and decorations and expensive equipment, which would have made it desirable and productive as a whole, if left to rot in the wind and rain, look like shameful extravagance and excite only ridicule and criticism. That is what happened to the New Haven system as planned by Mellen. Some things he paid high prices for, but they were necessary parts of the whole, and when all was completed, would have added to the general perfect working, and would eventually have been profitable. This pulling apart and smashing of the big plan, has been too quick and malicious and, as usual, the small people have to suffer most."

Massachusetts, is the home of most New Haven stockholders, 48 per cent of the total living in that State and owning 571,000 shares, or 36 per cent of the capital stock outstanding. In New York there are 3510 stockholders, who own 495,000 shares, or 31 per cent of the total. Connecticut stockholders in the New Haven comprise 23 per cent of the total, and they own 306,766 shares of stock. A large part of the Connecticut ownership is centred in New Haven, where the general offices of the road are located. The loss in the annual income of that city by the passing of the dividend is estimated at $1,000,000.

Since 1872 the New Haven road had not passed a dividend; but caught in the wave of opposition to great enterprises it went down carrying with it so large a number of small investors that a New York paper spoke of them as "a procession of mourners" as they hurried to sell at ruinous figures the stock which, though at great loss, must be turned into income property so that they might have daily subsistence.

NEGRO SEGREGATION AT WASHINGTON CHECKED.

There are reasons for believing that negro segregation, where it xisted in the Federal departments at Washington, has been checked, and that what has been done toward setting negro clerks apart will be undone. This belief persists in the face of explicit denial from all official quarters where any information is sought that there has been any change of policy with respect to colored employees of the Government. The Government officials could not, in the nature of things, acknowledge any change of policy because they have contended from the beginning that there was no plan or policy of segregation. If they admitted at this time that there was a change of policy, and that what had been done was being undone, they would equally and fully concede that attempts have been made at segregation which have now been found to be a blunder and a grave mistake.

The present basis of belief that segregation has been checked and that what has been done toward separating negro employees from their fellow-workers will be undone is derived from information furnished by the negro clerks and their friends. They have come to the conclusion which they have reached because of certain changes that have been made in the office of Chares A. Kram, auditor of the Post Office Department, under the supervision of the Treasury. One of the rooms in his office was set aside for the use of negro clerks solely. It is now reported that half of the clerks in this room have been taken out and distributed through the office where the white clerks have their desks, and that their places have been taken in the segregated room by white clerks.

At the present time, the room formerly occupied solely by black men is occupied by a force equally divided between white and colored employees. This information was brought to a representative of the New York Post by reputable colored men who were told of the changed conditions by men of their race employed in the Auditor's office. When the colored clerks were distributed they were not told that it indicated a change in policy, nor was any announcement of the reason made to them. They were simply assigned other desks in the rooms occupied by white clerks.

Another reason that the colored people here in Washington who are most immediately and vitally concerned have for believing that there is to be no further effort to segregate the races is found in the abandonment of the plan that was mentioned to establish a negro bureau or division in the Pension Office. This plan contemplated, as the negro clerks understood it, a division to be manned solely by negroes and under the supervision of a negro chief. This scheme has now been wholly abandoned, but at whose direction is not known.

The colored clerks and their friends who are watching closely to see what the present apparent changes indicate, are waiting to see what will happen at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where, they allege, the plans of segregation have been attempted on a larger scale than in any other of the Government offices. When there begin in that Bureau any measures to undo the plans that have recently been put into effect then the negroes here will feel assured that the old policy has been abandoned and that old conditions will be restored. Persons who have interested themselves in the case of the segregated clerks and who have sought to check the effort towards segregation are inclined to accept the interpretation of the colored clerks themselves and to believe that no further efforts will be made to set apart the two races in the Government offices.

President Wilson has never directly or indirectly made known his attitude, but there is reason to believe that he now realizes to the fullest degree that his subordinates made a grave blunder when they undertook to put their segregation plans into effect. Quite aside from the morality of the thing, it is clearly seen that it was a great tactical

and political mistake. Some of the President's closest political associates see and freely concede it. Indeed, it is not improbable that some of them have gone so far as to urge Mr. Wilson to acknowledge straightforwardly and frankly that an injustice had been done and to set about openly to rectify it.

Before the news became public of the steps that have been taken towards undoing what has been done in the way of segregation in Auditor Kram's office, some of the President's friends were intimating that the movement towards segregation had gone as far as it ever would go. If President Wilson has ever said anything to his Cabinet officers, or they have ever said anything to their subordinates, about a reversal of policy, it cannot be discovered.

DICTOGRAPH SERMONS.

A Prediction that Sermons Given in New York Will be Heard in San Francisco.

Mr. M. K. Turner writes as follows to the New York Times for December 21:

"I have been asked the significance of the experiment made on Sunday last at the Broadway Tabernacle, in picking up the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, by means of a dictograph transmitter in the pulpit and conveying it simultaneously to a phonograph for permanent record and to a Bell telephone for transmission to different points in and outside the city.

"Without wishing to seem like exploiting my own work, the success of the experiment, in my judgment, demonstrates conclusively that it is not only practicable for a person to sit in his or her home and hear the sermon of any eminent preacher miles distant, but points the way for the most far-reaching extension of Church influences yet attempted or considered feasible. It provides the Church with the most effective means yet given it of reaching the countless thousands who for one reason or another are unable actively to share in its life, and who by being kept out of touch with this life become fused with the great mass of the unchurched. In large cities like New York, where the congregation of a church is constantly shifting from one base to another and rarely lives in the neighborhood of its house of worship—hence is not regular in attendance—Sunday's experiment at the Tabernacle shows that the Church, instead of waiting for others to come to it, is now able to go to them—carry to them its message and its appeal with the same persuasive power it would be able to expect if they were seated within a few feet of the preacher instead of many miles away.

"It may be said by some that this method will make it so easy for one to keep up his church associations with little effort that many will be tempted to substitute it for personal attendance, but I do not feel that this will prove true in experience. Those to whom the atmosphere and personal touch of the church itself are essential will be as much in evidence as heretofore. Hence I would say that the principal advantage of the collaboration of the dictograph, the telephone and the phonograph as utilized on Sunday at the Tabernacle would be in the direct means it supplies of reaching those who under ordinary conditions would not usually be found inside the church—sincere Christian men and women who feel it not convenient for them to leave their homes and make a journey of several miles to their favorite church. Thus countless thousands who now attend church only at long intervals or not at all can be held in line and their interest and sympathy with the work of the church turned to its advantage.

"I happen to be the son of a Baptist preacher and know what this will mean to the Church.

"I firmly believe that it is only a short time ahead when the congregation sitting in a church or individuals sitting in their homes in San Francisco will be able, with the aid of the dictograph and the telephone, to hear a sermon in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, with relatively the same ease and satisfaction as those where the sermon is being delivered.

"It is now possible to throw the sermon from a dictograph wire into a phonograph for permanent preservation. Many clergymen never prepare their sermons, and the best that they say under the inspiration of the moment is forever lost. The success attending our efforts in this direction on Sunday proves that we can now make a perfect record of these sermons while they are being delivered, at the same time they are being sent over the telephone wire to distant points.

"From this record any number of copies desired can be made, and these copies, sent broadcast for reproduction on family phonographs in the home, thus enabling more thousands to hear the sermons than are able to crowd into the churches to hear them. A family living in the most remote part of the country can have at its hearthstone the best that has been spoken in this line. It can have a new sermon every Sunday by a different minister if it likes.

Church organizations can arrange for the distribution of these records in the same manner as the books of a circulating library. Country churches and meeting houses without regular ministers, instead of waiting upon the itinerant circuit preacher, can provide its members with a sermon by the most distinguished pulpit orators of the great cities, reproduced through "loud-speaking horns," so that, sitting in their countryside pews, the voice of the speaker in all its natural tones and impressiveness will be plainly distinguished.

CONDITIONS AMONG THE INDIANS DEPLORABLE.

The Rodman Wanamaker Expedition of Citizens to the North American Indians has returned to Philadelphia after a visit to 189 tribes of Indians in the United States. The expedition, which was headed by Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, spent six months in its investigation. Dr. Dixon has prepared a lengthy report, in which he makes a strong appeal for aid for the red men, who he declares are "fast dying from starvation, pestilence, and neglect by the white man." A summary of the report has been placed in the hands of President Wilson and other Government officials. Dr. Dixon says:

"I feel that I have changed the destiny of the Indian race." The Indian has hitherto been driven back and robbed by the white man. Even the opportunity to earn a livelihood has been taken away from him. The Indian is afraid and suspicious of the white man, because practically he has had everything taken from him by his pale-faced brother.

"I think our expedition has paved the way to clear the clouds of suspicion and break down the walls of fear, and in the future I believe the red man will welcome the just advance of the white man.

"The condition among the majority of the Indians is deplorable, and the Government at Washington is kept in ignorance of it. A tribe called the Jicarilla Apaches is starving

to death on the top of the Continental divide in New Mexico, where they have been driven by the white man after he had taken their lands from them. For several months before I visited them they had nothing to eat but stewed pine bark. There are 700 in the tribe, and at the rate they are dying at present, they will become extinct in fourteen years.

"The treatment of the Indian by the people of the United States is a disgrace to civilization, and should cause us to blush before the world."

NEW YEAR GREETINGS FROM JAPAN.

Pacific Ocean Bridges.

(The Rev. Sydney Strong of Seattle sent to certain leaders in Japan a request for some message to be read in his church New Year's Eve. The responses were in the main as they appear in The Pacific herewith. To the messages from Japan are added a few from men of influence and of the world consciousness in America. These messages were used also in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles in a New Year service.—Editor.)

J. Sakata, The Foreign Office, Tokyo.

I send New Year's greetings in sincere friendship and earnest hope that the historic relations of amity uniting America and Japan may be as enduring as the friendly Pacific which unites our two lands and which serves as my willing messenger of good will.

T. Okubo, Governor of Osaka Prefecture.

This New Year's Greeting gives me an opportunity to express my feeling of gratification that America has always shown a special and deep interest in the history of Japan, and though time and space separate us widely we would forever remember that America steadily walks on the path of justice and peace and is a close and sincere friend of Japan.

Baron Y. Sakatani, Ex-Minister of Finance, Mayor of Tokyo.

A few words for New Year's greetings to the citizens of Seattle. I beg to say the following, "On behalf of the citizens of Tokyo, I express my sincere greetings to the citizens of Seattle and wish increase and improvement of the two nations' mutual friendships in 1914 over 1913.

D. J. Soyeda, Tokyo, Chairman Recent Deputation To United States.

Let us greet the new year and pray that it will give a fresh start for all of us, especially for the two nations on the borders of the Pacific—America and Japan. Within the last year we saw the coming into effect of the Californian Alien Land Law which was deeply regretted by the Japanese both in America and at home. But now the people of the two countries are seriously considering the matter and this I hope will hasten the satisfactory and fundamental solution thereby strengthening the traditional bond of friendship and good will of the two. Indeed there are so many weighty and noble problems, such as the peace of the Pacific, harmony of different races assimilation of the civilization of the East and the West to be solved by the united efforts of America and Japan. May the new year bring them still closer and equip them fully for their high and noble missions!

Bishop M. C. Harris, Bishop Of Japan And Korea.

The people of Japan greet the people of the United States on this first day of the New Year. Sixty-five millions of people pray for the peace and roserity of America. They, also with one mind earnestly desire the increase and preservation of the traditional friendship of the past sixty years. They also trust that the American Government and people guided by the highest sentiments of justice and good will to her nearest neighbor on the Pacific will avoid all unfriendly legislation and discrimination against Japan. Japan has faith that America will not lower her standards or compromise her principles but trust to her highest ideals in the future as she has in the past in her dealings with "The Empire of the Rising Sun"

Rev. N. Kubushiro, Osaka.

Two words **"Let us"** is my greetings to American friends. Don't attack each other, good or bad. Some of you have racious and paltry and some of us narrow nationalism. But "Let us" move on toward the kingdom of peace and good will. Do you understand the meaning? This is the new attitude of mind to solve our problems.

S. Hayakawa, The Mitsue Bank, Tokyo.

At this period of the year when custom requires exchange of compliments and good wishes even among distant friends, it will be strange indeed if two next-door friends remain silent Let us hope that the year we are now entering upon will preserve and strengthen the amicable relations of the United States and Japan. The Pacific Ocean was once an immense sea separating them far apart from each other. Today it is but a pool of water bringing the two shores within very easy reach of each other. Distance has thus been altered in the course of years, and the reflected images are now out of focus, which must be adjusted in order that they be faithfully fracted. The tow nations may be brought into closer relation if they understand each other well. We know and respect that noble spirit that has laid the foundation-stone of the Great Republic—the spirit of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, or Monroe. What we regret is the want of knowledge on the part of America of the character of our people. Scarcely is there on earth any nation so fond of peace as we are. Do we love peace because we are cowards or shameless? No. Because we have an inborn nature to sympathize with others, and ever restrict our own claims within bounds. This national character derives its origin in modesty, which, being a supreme virtue first taught by Confucius, has found firm root in Japan.

Rev. Tsunetru Miyagawa, Osaka. (The Beecher Of Japan.)

I feel as if we owe our modern civilization to your country. Was it not your Commodore Perry who was sent out here to open this nation to the world to come in contact with the enlightened nations of the West? Was it not your colleges and universities where our young men and women were welcomed? Was it not your Capt. Jones, president Clark, and Missionary Brown who have trained our Christian leaders? Where are Greens, Davises and DeForests who taught us Christian Brotherhood and humanity? Are they not praying still for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God in Japan? Is it too much to ask you to stand up at this crisis to complete the work which was initiated and undertaken by your self-sacrificing missionaries and educators? May the Lord bless you abundantly in the noble work to which you are called!

Thos. H. Hadon, Kobe.

"New Year's Greetings from Japan to America." We send you greetings, with good wishes for the New Year. We wish for you peace and prosperity, and with you a continuance of the warm, sincere friendship that has existed for so long, and has been so highly prized. May the large justice and generosity that has ever been yours still be your most cherished possession, and may mutual confidence, respect and good will grow and ripen with each returning year!

Please remember us in your prayers, and still share with us your Christian inheritance.

Rev. C. A. Clark, Miyazahi, (American).

Miyazahi Station joins with the Queen Anne Congregational Church in prayer that old lovelessness between the few Japanese and Americans may cease with the old year, and that a new sense of the obligation to mutual love and help may take the place of race prejudices and selfishness; and that wisdom may be given to officials and editors to do and say the wisest things; and patience and mutual forbearance be given the masses of both Japan and America who certainly are wishing for peace and harmony and mutual helpfulness.

Rev. William C. Kerr, Chai Ryung, Korea, (American.)

New Year's Greetings from Japan to America. It is the Korean part of Japan which is speaking its greetings now. Korea ordinarily celebrates its New Year several weeks after that of the Western calendar, but it has learned to know the New Year of its neighbor across the seas. Each New Year has seen some notable progress in the Korean Church. May this not be less true of the American Church!

S. H. Wainright, Executive Secretary, Christian Literature Society of Japan. (American.)

The day begins in Tokyo and after making the circuit of the globe passes into eternity from Seattle. We shall have entered the New Year when you witness its going during the solemn moments of the Watch-night Meeting. Pray

that Japan, the first to receive the Day, may pass it, laden with blessing, to the nations of Asia.

J. Merle Davis, Y. M. C. A., Tokyo. (American)

Japan has most of America's perils, and few of her safeguards. The nation looks for sounder leadership, for better government. The people demand social and democratic reforms, and are losing their reverence for established authority. If the voice of the people is the voice of God, then God is speaking to Japan as never before in the nation's history."

I want to congratulate you upon the success of your short visit to this country in the face of a good many untoward circumstances. I wish we had all been in a position to help further your mission It is just that sort of intelligent Christian study of Japan at first hand, that is needed to solve the problems of relationship between the two countries.

Ernest W. Clement, Tokyo, Author "Handbook of Modern Japan. (American)

Only sixty years since Perry opened Old Japan, and New Japan was born. What marvelous progress has been made in that "cycle of Cathay" by America's protege! All ties—historical, commercial, financial, educational, scientific, sentimental—demand eternal friendship. Japan and America should always be pacific neighbors across the Pacific.

H. S. Wheeler Kobe, Representative W. & J. Sloane New York. (American.)

I am sure that the Japanese people wish the people of the United States peace and prosperity for the year 1914, with the confidence that all misunderstandings will be settled in a manner consistent with the dignity and the pride of two self-respecting nations, who will ever be friends.

E. Kamada, President Keiogijuku University, Tokio.

The Keiogijuku University, Japan's oldest institution of higher learning through whom the American method of education was first introduced into the empire, sends you her heartiest New Year's Greetings, assuring you that whatever our enemies may say, our people's hearts are still warmly and gratefully throbbing for you.

Umeji Sasaki, Tokyo.

Gratitude is a virtue Japanese value most. We shall never forget America's kind offices when Japan was first opened to foreign intercourse. Ever since she has been our guiding star in many things we have achieved, and so shall she be in the future. That God will bless our two neighboring nations is my fervent prayer.

Gwendoline R. Watney, Tokyo Y. M. C. A.

Three years in Japan have served to deepen the conviction that the truest way into the life and heart of any people whom we wish to serve is through friendship. "We cannot make relationships too spiritual"—therefore let our every friendship have its origin and roots in God, in prayer.

Dwight W. Learned, Kyoto. (Thirty-eight years a missionary in Japan.)

May the third year of "Great Righteousness" (1914) see righteousness prevail more and more in both these two great nations which face each other across the Pacific, and may all obstacles to full friendship between them be removed.

Rev. George Allchin, Osaka.

We who have seen His Star in the East face the New Year with the prayer and expectation that a clearer manifestation of the spirit of Jesus among his followers in America and Japan will hasten the dawn of a new and brighter day for both peoples.

Shusaku Satos, The Tohoku Imperial University, Sapporo.

My hearty greetings to the brothers and sisters of your Church on New Year's Day—"and let us view with patience the race that is set before us" (Heb. 12:1) for the coming year. I expect to be near the Rocky Mountains en route to the East when you read this to your people.

M. Kobayashi, Tokyo. Head Office, N. Y. K.

It is with the greatest pleasure that hearing it is customary for you to hold a Watch-night Meeting on the last night of the year that I send you my heartfelt good wishes that your good work may be prospered and that the New Year may see the ties of friendship which now bind Japan to America, further strengthened in everything that is good and great.

Isami Kawara, Yokohama.

With the advent of the New Year I desire to extend to the good and traditional friends, citizens of the United States, my best wishes for their happiness and prosperity.

Rev. Otis Cary, Kyoto. (35 years in Japan.)

May both the United States and Japan stand firmly by the First Article of their Treaty made sixty years ago:

"There shall be a perfect, permanent, and universal peace and a sincere and cordial amity between the United States of America, on the one part, and the Empire of Japan on the other, and between their people, respectively, without exception of persons or places."

T. Miyaoka, Tokyo.

While expressions of sentiment are useful in their way, still it is not by the words but by what we do to promote the better understanding of each other that the peace of the world may be best preserved.

Tamucsuke Ishibashi, M. P., Osaka.

Greetings to our brothers and sisters on the other side of the ocean the advent of a happy new year. I have the honor to express my sincere hope that the year bring more friendly and cordial relations than ever between the two great nations connected by the Pacific water.

Rev. Charles M. Warren, Doshisha University, Kyoto.

A happy New Year to America from her sister Japan! Our dearest wish is that each American may realize his duty and privilege is assisting in the re-establishment of that historical attitude of brotherly kindness that is our inevitable relation for the near future, but which is now at stake.

David B. Schneder, President North Japan College, Sendai.

Shall the coming together of the East and the West be peaceful, and helpful to the coming of God's Kingdom to the Far East? The nation called upon to answer this question is above all others American. The Christian people of America put down slavery. They can also probably be depended upon to declare that the impact of the West upon the East shall be truly Christian. But the sooner they assert themselves the better—before the estrangement that has begun becomes deep-seated.

Mrs. J. H. De Forest, Sendai.

I am sure that the Christian hearts in both America and Japan are one in the hope that no root of bitterness may interfere with the historical friendship between the two countries, and that they may work together harmoniously for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom on both sides of the Pacific. May the efforts of yourself and your church for this end be greatly blessed!

Iso Abe, Waseda University, Tokyo.

Recollecting my three years' stay in Hartford, Connecticut, from 1891 to 1894 and my short visit in Seattle with the Waseda Baseball team in 1905, it gives me a special pleasure to send you a few words of New Year's Greeting. May we not join our hands firmer than ever before for the furthrance of two great causes: Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Mankind?

D. Shono, General Manager, Japan Tourist Bureau, Tokyo.

The year 1914 will be the 60th anniversary of the first treaty signed between the United States and Japan—the "Diamond Jubilee," as it were, of the inception of a firm and enduring friendship between the great Republic and our Island Empire—a friendship which has lasted unimpaired throughout six decades. It is the sincere wish of the Japanese people that the amicable relations that have existed hitherto between our nations may continue to endure, not through six decades only, but through the coming centuries, and we rely upon that proverbial character of broad-mindedness and disposition of friendliness in the American people to aid us in preserving and handing down to our respective generations to come the glorious heritage of peace we have receivd.

The Japan Tourist Bureau, of which I have the honor to be General Manager, has a mission to perform in this connection, and can become a powerful factor in promoting international good will; for by its efforts, either directly or indirectly, a closer understanding may be brought about

between different peoples, through their representatives who visit our land. It is one of the aims of the Bureau to reveal the spirit of the country and the people to the visitors whom we welcome to our shores, in the firm belief that a full comprehension of the life and manners of the Japanese people will do much to inspire a feeling of mutual kindliness between themselves and their guests from other lands.

Therefore it is with the warmest approval of the motive that prompted your request that I send, in the name of The Japan Tourist Bureau, my heartiest greetings for a glad and happy New Year to our old friends, the people of the United States of America.

W. K. Matthews, Kobe.

See Japan engaged in the colossal and perilous task of blending two civilizations which are at points fundamentally antagonistic! She needs the patient sympathy and brotherly help of great America. Most of all she needs to see Christ as the only foundation. She will look to Him when His Spirit rules our international relations.

Kosuke Tomeoka, President The Home School, Tokyo.

A New Year's greeting from the land of flowers and self-sacrifice to the country of freedom and progress. Let us strive to see at the end of this year the name of God more glorified and the love of peace prevail among all th nations under the sun.

E. W. Frazar, Tokyo.

An American, who has been doing business in Japan for seventeen years, bears earnest testimony to the courage, fairness and sincerity of the Japanese people, and asks his fellow countrymen to give them that same measure of a "square deal" which Americans themselves expect from the rest of the world.

I think that the main cause of the present misunderstanding is due to mutual ignorance of each other's real characteristics. The Americans are ignorant of the culture and civilization of the Japanese, while the latter are ignorant of the peculiar political conditions in America. The closest and quickest remedy is education and in this respect the school, the church, and the public lecture platform are the best agents to bring about the better feeling whih ought to prevail between worthy neighbors.

May the New Year witness such a desire for real knowledge and truth as will clear away blind prejudice, and more clearly establish the fact that the Japanese are a responsible, a warm hearted, and a practical nation, worthy of receiving the right hand of friendship across the Pacific.

Rev. H. V. S. Peeke, Saga.

In reply to yours of October 12th:—

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warl' o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman (or any other) blood."

"God hath made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, * * * that they should seek God."

"For he is our peace, who made both one, and brake down the middle wall of partition."

There is "One God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all and in all." "To him be the glory forever. Amen."

C. Burnell Olds, Higata.

The Minister of Education and Religion has recently given three receptions to leading representatives of the three religions—Buddhism, Shintoism and Christianity, and his cordiality toward the Christians was especially marked. After a frank discussion of the general situation the Christian guests presented certain requests as to policy to which he promised to give careful consideration.

The tide against Christianity so manifest during the past year in Niigata has been turned by a series of evangelistic meetings just closed under the leadership of Mr. Ebina. Many have been profoundly impressed and the future is very bright.

William L. Curtis, Niigata.

The night is dawning even in this great province of Echigo, once "Darkest Japan." There are many signs of lessened prejudice. But there is one new obstacle in the way of the advancing Kingdom, viz., the unjust race-discriminatory attitude of the people of Christian lands towards the people of Japan. Many educated Japanese are saying that this is now the greatest hindrance to the spread of Christianity. How can it be removed?

George Braithwaithe, Tokyo.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Then, indeed, you will have a truly happy New Year and will be ready when He shall appear to welcome Him with exceeding joy.

Taserku Harada, President Doshisha University, Tokyo.

Come and see! Hearty welcome to all visitors from America. Let us know each other, understand one another, so as to appreciate our differences which are after all not essential.

H. E. Coleman, of Conference of Federated Missions of Japan, Tokyo.

The one sure means of drawing the East and the West together is the One Master, Christ. Here the ends of the earth meet and are brothers. No other ideal can satisfy us.

True love and friendship of the West for the East is a splendid recommendation for the Christ of both the West and the East.

Gilbert Bowles, Secretary American Peace Society of Japan and Missionary of the Society of Friends in Japan for Twelve Years.

Tell the American people that Japan will respond to the Golden Rule. Human brotherhood and Christian courtesy are more effective against the Japanese than battleships.

J. S. Matoba, Principal St. Paul's College, Tokyo.

Christians of the Land of the Rising Sun send their hearty greetings across the Pacific to their fellow brethren of the United States of America on this New Year's Day. May their mutual friendship and good will be continued forever.

Some Homeland Messages.

Thomas Burke, Seattle, Carnegie Peace Foundation.

How did Japan in less than two generations emerge from the seclusion of centuries and at a single bound take its place in the front rank of the great powers of the earth? No such sudden rise of a populous nation had ever before been witnessed in the history of the world. What is there in the nature and situation of the Japanese that made such achievement possible to them?

The answer is short, it is character. That is the secret and foundation of all their successes in war and in peace. They had been building that foundation for hundreds of years. The materials wrought into it were industry, diligence, sobriety, moderation, self control and patriotism so deep and devoted that to the Japanese every hill and valley in the empire is consecrated ground. Their country and their independence they prize above life itself. Courage and fortitude are theirs. They are a teachable race and the teacher is looked up to among them with a mingled feeling of reverence and affection.

The United States in a spirit of kindness and gentleness broke the seal and opened the door through which the Island Empire received the light of Western civilization. America then became Japan's great teacher and sponsor; and the Japanese, fully sensible of the important service done them by the friendly Western stranger, have given America the rank and honor of teacher.

This is the basis of the happy friendship of sixty years between Japan and the United States. Such an international friendship is both a moral and commercial asset of inestimable value to both countries. To undermine or weaken it would be a crime against humanity.

When any event occurs in this country that looks to the Japanese like unfriendliness to Japan it wounds their feelings like an unmerited reproof from a loved and honored teacher.

If ever this historic friendship is disturbed the fault will be ours, not Japan's. The Japanese pupil never consciously offends, much less, strikes, his teacher.

And so long as America values peace and good neighborhood and honors justice and fair play, the ancient friendship between the two countries will continue inviolate, growing in strength and influence as the years go by.

E. F. Blaine, Seattle.

The Japanese have a saying that "Acquaintance often softens prejudice." How true this is! I must confess that I had a sort of prejudice against the Japanese before I visited their country, and before I traveled abroad there lingered in my mind some sentiments born of "spread eagleism" and fervid appeals and declarations by public speakers that my countrymen were the only "salt of the earth." I am now happy in the thought that travel has taken out of my mind those errors that had tended to make me narrow and unhumanitarian, for, I now know that there are many nations that have noble characters in abundance, and not the least among these is Japan.

We were the "Moses" to lead the Japanese out of the "wilderness," and God forbid that we shall not be at least their ethical Christ in the "Promised Land."

Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus, Harvard University.

In the present condition of the Eastern world it is highly desirable that the American people should come to know well the qualities and ambitions of the Japanese people. The Japanese are, as a race, distinct from other Orientals. They are unlike the Chinese, the Siamese, the Javanese, or the natives of India. They possess in high degree intelligence, inventiveness, commercial and industrial enterprise, strength of will and moral persistence.

With extraordinary rapidity the Japanese have introduced into their country the factory system, and the financial institutions, such as banks and insurance companies, which make possible great industrial developments. They have built many railroads. Great steamship lines run both east and west from Japan, and far to the south. In adopting the Western methods of taxation and government finance, they have seized upon all the applied sciences developed in Europe and America during the last century.

The Japanese are not a warlike people, they a homing people. When the Japanese go abroad on business, they do not intermarry with women of the foreign races, affording a surprising contrast to the white race when in foreign parts. The declining or disappearing family is not a common phenomenon in Japan, as it is in France, England, and the United States.

The American agents in Japan of large corporations declare without reservation that the Japanese are just as satisfactory people to deal with as the Americans. There has long been current among foreigners resident in the Orient the statement that the Japanese do not trust each other, but employ Chinese cashiers and accountants in their banks and shops. The fact is, that there is not a Chinese cashier or accountant in any one of the hundreds of banks in Japan. From top to bottom, the employees in Japan banks, insurance offices, and all considerable mercantile offices are Japanese. Large business in Japan, as everywhere else in the world, is done on credit.

The Japanese are accused, chiefly by Occidental Army and navy men, of intending to "dominate the Pacific," and to seize upon the insular possessions of other nations in the Pacific. There is no truth in these accusations. The commercial and industrial interests of Japan require peace with all the other nations of the world. There is no interest of Japan which could possibly be promoted by war with the United States; and, conversely, there is no interest of the United States which could possibly be promoted by war with Japan.

The right state of mind of Americans toward Japanese is one of hearty good will and cordial admiration. The Japanese should have every privilege in the United States which the "most favored nation" has; and that is all Japan wants from the United States. Her statesmen want Japanese emigrants to settle in Japanese territories. The Japanese home industries need all the labor that the population can furnish.

If Christianity is to get a strong hold on the nation, it will be in some simple form, which relies chiefly on the doctrines that God is love, that men are the children of God and therefore brethren, that the best way to serve God is to serve man, and that man's habitual conduct toward fellowmen is the best available test of the practical value of his religious convictions.

POWER IN WEAKNESS.

William Norris Burr.

Weakness is a good thing for a man if he makes a right use of it. The fellow whose circumstances do not seem to be altogether favorable has a chance at success that is denied the fellow who has plenty of money, good health, educational privileges, influential friends, and all the other things to make the way easy for him. For Easy Road is not usually the road that leads up the heights. It is better for one to be obliged to pull hard for himself than to find everything being done for him, so that he has nothing to do but to be taking **in**, absorbing, without any effort. He is likely not to be getting the **iron** of it, which is really the strength and worth of it all.

A strong sound body is not a necessary first-step to athletic success. The men who win the laurels on the athletic field are not necessarily those who are strongest to begin with. Some weak little fellow who knows how to overcome his weakness and gather strength in spite of it is quite likely to be pushing ahead of his companions who had more strength than he at the start.

Somewhere I have read of Billy Page, a student at the University of Pennslyvania, who had to wear metal braces for serious weakness in his legs. He was threatened with lameness that was likely to be a lifelong handicap. A physician advised him to exercise his legs regularly, and suggested that he try jumping as something that might strengthen them. He did so, and he kept up his jumping practice through his school and college years. He found that his legs **were** strengthened greatly—so much so that before he stopped jumping he had broken the world's high-jump record for that time by clearing the bar at six feet four inches. Now there were probably fifty fellows in his class at the University of Pennsylvania who had stronger leg-muscles than had Billy Page; but that did not result in any of them breaking the world's record in the high jump. His weakness was the start of his wonderful record. It was not his weakness that finally carried him six feet four inches over the bar, but it was what he had been doing with his weakness. When that fellow settled down to the business of overcoming his weakness he started on the Road of Success which brought him in time to the world's high jump record.

The Apostle Paul tells more than one story of himself that is not unlike the story of Billy Page and the high jump. There was some deficiency in Paul, some physical or mental lack of weakness, that was a great trial to him. He calls it his "thorn in the flesh." I have sometimes thought that it was the fact that he was not a ready talker. For in the tenth chapter of Second Corinthians he writes of himself: "For his letters, they say, are weighty and strong; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech is contemptible," or "of no account." The Apostle Paul seems to have been a writer rather than a talker. He could put his thought on paper, and then people found that he had thought. But when he tried to speak, to tell what he knew by word of mouth—he couldn't do it so well; and people would naturally be thinking: "If that is all that fellow knows he

doesn't know much." But he did not let that weakness hinder him from doing what he could, in the name of his great Master. In spite of his weakness he plunged into active service for Christ, because he loved him so that he felt he **must**; and his loyalty and love accomplished wonders, though he could not speak with the golden tongue of the orator. It was as though the Master had said to him: "No, Paul, I do not want you to have too much ability and strength of your own, for that might cause you to forget your need of Me." And Paul replies: "When I know that I have no strength then I draw upon you, my Master; and that means more strength for me than the best strength that I could have of my own."

The Apostle Paul would never have been the great man that he was had he wasted very much time priding himself on his own ability. In perfect sincerity, and without any false humility, he writes: "For we are not bold to number or compare ourselves with certain of them that commend **themselves**; but they themselves, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves with themselves are without understanding. But we will not glory beyond our measure, but according to the measure of the province which God hath apportioned to us as a measure." O, the Apostle Paul was a kingly apostle because he recognized his own weakness, and allowed his very infirmities to lead him to depend more entirely upon the might of his Master, "that the power of Christ may rest upon me," as he puts it.

It is not the naturally strong, gifted people who are accomplishing most in the work of making this world what it ought to be merely through their own strength and talent. Neither is it the people who are weak. The interests of the world as God has them in mind are not advanced by either **our** strength or **our** weakness but by **His** strength, His power working in us. One of the poorest workmen in kingdom service is the man of talent who knows he has talent, and who thinks he can do great things for the world because he is smart—the man who has an eye only on his own cleverness as a means of accomplishment. Another of the poorest workmen in kingdom service is the man who has not very much ability, and who boasts of it. It is just as weak and foolish and contemptible to be boasting of one's lack of talent, or of one's untrained ability, one's uneducated powers, as it is to be boasting of one's talent and culture. It is not so much what a man has, or has not, of ability of his own that makes things move right in kingdom service, as it is how much the power of Christ is allowed to possess him, and be working through him.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell is high born, of the same blood as Sir Richard Grenville, immortalized by Tennyson in his poem, "The Revenge." He is a graduate of Oxford; made by King Edward a "Companion of St. Michael and St. George." What is the real secret of his power? Not that he is highborn and has had the advantages of the best schools; but that having **this** power he has opened his whole life wide to Jesus Christ, and has craved the power of Christ to be resting upon him.

Sometimes God puts His hand upon individuals, sometimes upon churches, and allows them to grow weak that they may learn where their real strength lies. Few people had ever heard of Alfred Tennyson, the young poet, until the thorn tore his heart, and **then** he wrote "In Memoriam." The sweetest Christians one will ever meet will be those who have some sort of weakness, some "thorn," goading them everyday. And the church that will amount to most is likely to be the one that is weak in some way, perhaps in many ways, and through its weakness learns where its real strength lies.

Pomona, California.

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

434 West 120th St., New York, Dec. 21, 1913.

Dear Pacific Friends:

I have taken my pen in hand many times for you. First, as C. Ment, in Pasadena and Los Angeles, because a lively young parson gave me the title "Old Cement" when I taught him and his comrades to love each other rather than be distant rivals in spreading the same sweet faith. Again through two happy years I sent "Acorns from Oakland"; I forget my nom de plume, as others forget it. When God gave me one of California's most beautiful hills at Saratoga it was natural to write "Acorns from Three Oaks." "Aloha," the beautiful and suggestive Hawaiian word, seemed a natural pen name for when I asked the princely and much-loved Samuel T. Alexander to chalk it on a piece of sugar-box for a sign board at my home in Saratoga, he gilded it on a choice bit of varnished Hawaiian board and put the intensive "Nui" on it. This is the greeting I send to you, dear friends: "Aloha Nui." I cannot tell all it means, or just what it means in its Christian and coast loyal heartiness. Not even a cultured Islander can fully explain it, "Aloha Nui." God bless you! I love you.

I see at once I shall fall into garrulous ways unless I take a topic. Here it is.

This is Constantly a Better World.

Certainly this great city is a better city. I knew it, below 42nd street—**well.** I played ball in its streets. I practiced skating, on one foot at first, where the Croton water wasted a little and froze. This palatial New York, above 42d street, afforded fine skating then for a quick-footed boy. But the swine from the little garden farms and goat pastures ran down through the city to forage. I used to tease them with the jetting Croton as they passed my father's door. I saw vulgar sights of bad men and women. I see no more now. Now, firemen drive splendid black horses and splendid automobiles and fight fire. They used to fight each other. When some gentlemen formed a decent hose carriage company and took my big brother in it made talk on tongues and in the papers, as it does now when clean men and women fight "white slavers." I kept pretty close tab on the late election, reading papers, and attending monstrous meetings. There was intense excitement but no one was **hurt.** Men of many parties **combined** for righteousness and won a great victory. Hurrah for fusion. When my live father voted for James G. Birney, and liberty, when only five thousand men in all the land refused to bow the knee to the Baal of Slavery, we children feared he would come home bruised and bleeding. See! "The sun he do move." It is safe to vote opinion.

A Great Pleasure to See and Hear Noble Workres.

I have shaken hands twice with Wm. Howard Taft, who really seems to be doing the best work of his life. He never forgets the needy Filipinos and blazes with true eloquence on every occasion where he can promote sane missionary service for their uplift. He has lost seventy pounds of flesh by minding his doctor, gives his political rivals and

opponents, including Rosevelt, "the square deal" and "loves everybody." He beams like Santa Claus.

It is a treat to hear Andrew Carnegie plead for peace in the great hall he gave the city. Mrs. Pankhurst was an ideal platform lady there. Her cause is winning here surely and not slowly, for all her militant mistakes.

I heard Dr. Grenfell just before the Sayre-Wilson wedding. The gracious gentleman who took his bride from the White House introduced to a Y. M. C. A. audience the brave doctor of the cold north as his "best friend." There is a smile on all Y. M. C. A. faces, and a great glow in Christian hearts, since more than four million dollars were raised in the campaign of a fortnight to put the whole Y. M. C. A. work of the city well upon its feet. Three million of the four are for woman's work.

The work for colored woman and men is not to be neglected. I can remember when a well-dressed colored man or woman was a real novelty. Now there are many. The signs of culture and development are all about us. We see many choice young colored men from Bermuda and Jamaica. They share the blessings of liberty a little more than our average Southerners for they have had it longer. I am sorry for people who have strong color predjudice. They miss the great pleasure of giving the Christian "square deal" and if only they will think of it, they grieve Him of Nazareth and Gethsemane who loved us all and gave Himself for us. He was not what we call a white man, but a man of color. Think of it, dear reader, at this holiday time, and let Him lift up and broaden your view. The morning paper tells us Helen Keller has just given a twenty-dollar bill to a man who lost his leg. He said, if Helen Keller could bear her infirmities bravely, he would pluck up courage too. I have long wanted to see this brave lady. Not long since I had the pleasure of hearing her on the platform and meeting her at her hotel. Her radiant soul beauty was of the type of the much-lamented Mrs. Lucretia Taylor of Saratoga, whom she really resembles quite strongly. She longs to visit California and beamed like a happy child at thought of the perfumes of the hundred billion prune blossoms of Santa Clara county. If she and her beloved teacher, Mrs. Macy, who was the faithful and indomitable Miss Sullivan, come your way, do not fail to see and hear them. Both are wonderful women. You will never forget them. Oberlin promises them a welcome. Wise College officers will look long for a more inspirational experience for their pupils. My letter will outrun your patience, and Bro. Ferrier's editorial measure-stick, if I touch longer on the mental and spiritual joys of a year in the neighborhod of this great city.

I have heard no sweeter preacher than Charles Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle. Having known all the pastors of this great church and worshippel in all its three consecutive tabernacles, I write out of frank, full heart that I have never heard sweeter sermons than Dr. Jefferson's. It was a pleasure to take a memorable ride with him in California and the long ride to hear him here seems short and delightful for the glad gospel I always get from his lips. He told the Ministerial Conference in his church that the Kansas City Council was the sweetest of them all. He has attended every one. No reports on the lips of delegates tell of councils before that at Oberlin. I was a very young delegate at Boston and Plymouth in 1865. If Bro. Ferrier would look up and print the declaration of Faith, read and voted at Burial Hill, Plymouth, in 1865, the men of today would see that their brethren of that day were also a "forward looking" body.

The Joy of Preaching.

It would not read well that preaching myself gave me pleasure beyond the hearing and seeing I have noted. But let a frank old preacher boy declare his immense pleasure in being asked to preach. Jonathan Bastow, a young Baptist, was pastor at Faribault, Minnesota, when I was at Northfield pushing my boy best to get Carleton College started. We never met until last summer, when I enjoyed preaching for him several times at Port Washington, Long Island. He has been a heroic preacher and everywhere lifted his churches with the lever of the gospel. The New York Baptist Conference lately gave him unlimited time to tell his life story, "From an English Coal Mine to the Pulpit." He spent his childhood from six years to thirteen in cruelly hard conditions. But when God converted him he fought and swore no more—not once—and has developed one of the most winsome personalities I have ever met.

Imitate Him, Brethren!

Imitate not only his enthusiasm, devotion and courage but his courtesy: Do you see that white-haired old preacher in your congregation? No banquet you can ask him to will please him half so much as asking him to preach. You need not overdo it. Your people love you most. But if you introduce the old man in the tactful way your flock will bear with you and him, I know. Occasionally ask him to pray. Your race will run fast. Just a few years and time will whiten your locks and you will be recalling Bro. Williams' letter and feeling how true it was. I have no reason to write complainingly. I do write suggestively. Read the frank and deep feeling of that heroic brother, Chaplain Joseph Rowell, as expressed in the Pacific. Get him to tell your young people of early gospel scenes and victories in San Francisco.

As long as God will give him strength keep Brother Pond going. What prayers he makes! Never let the anguish of being laid aside reach his devoted heart. That table has grace indeed where John Knox McLean sits, and that meeting has a benediction in very truth which the sage of Berkeley dismisses. I write it plainly, young brethren, with the right and the might of a great and sincere love for you. "Do not forget that the time comes fast when you will want the boys of the future to use you in the ministry."

No Christmas gew-gaws, no taffy will get into their hearts. Up to their strength, which wanes as yours, too, will, use them wisely for the work which is life to them.

Happy Holidays.

It is Christmas until New Year's. We are learning by His grace to have holiday hearts all the year around. Bro. Edward Lincoln Smith told me at the great meeting to do honor to Governor Forbes of the Philippines that he was just starting that night for "the Coast." Happy man! Grace to you all, brethren! Gladness, too!

Faithfully and fraternally,

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

The soul is always beautiful,
The universe is duly in order, everything is in its place.
What has arrived is in its place, and what waits is in its place.

—Whitman.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE FAVORED BY A FORMER COMMISSIONER.

The January number of "The Century" contains a fine article on the Philippine situation, by W. Morgan Shuster, formerly a member of the Philippine Commission. The author urges that Congress adopt a resolution expressing as its opinion that "as a result of the progress made by the Filipino people in the practical exercise of self-government, so far as the opportunity has been afforded to them, up to the present time, the time required to fit them for assuming responsibility for the government should not exceed twelve years from date, unless insurrection, or some similar widespread disturbance of public order or resistance to American sovereignty should in the meantime occur."

Mr. Shuster considers the Philippine problem thoroughly, and presents strong arguments for such a course of action as will give the Filipinos independence at an early and definite date. It is a matter concerning which most of our people have inadequate information, and, accordingly unformed or hazy opinions. We commend to our readers this Century article as illuminating.

Last week at a dinner given in New York City to ex-Governor-General Forbes of the Philippines, by the Philippine Society, Mr. Forbes said:

"We must not make the mistake of believing that a supervised government in which the power of removal is held directly over the head of every official of the Government by an Argus-eyed Governor-General from America is a fair index of what that same Government would be were the controlling hand to be withdrawn. The degree of control over a high-powered automobile in a crowded street with a trained chauffeur at the wheel is no index of the safety of turning the same machine loose without anybody in the seat and the throttle wide open."

"I made up my mind when I first began to study the Philippine situation, and every minute of my stay has served to confirm my conviction, that there is only one policy that can be adopted that is not fraught with danger to him who gives and him who receives—the United Sttaes and the Philippines—and that is that our development must be by evolution. The service should be filled with capable young Filipinos, under the wise guidance of experienced minds selected by reason of their peculiar fitness for the work. The degree of supervision can be constantly lessened as the Filipinos show capacity. These young men should be promoted through the service until, after the course of time, the Government service will be practically all Filipino.

"The political development should follow the economic one, further increase in the participation being taken tentatively and gradually, so that there should be no sudden jerks or jolts, and the movement should go along with an even, true sweep and sway, until ultimately, many generations hence I fear, the matter of future political relations between the Philippine Islands and the United States will be determined by the representatives of both peoples satisfactorily to both. I, personally, am not a believer in the United States permanently holding an alien people in subjection against their will.

"Neither am I a believer in the United States abandoning a job which it has once undertaken, turning its back upon its manifest duty, taking the hand from the plough; nor for reasons of selfish nature, either because of expense or trouble, or because of apparent inconsistency with our institutions, should we desert those Filipinos who have been loyal to us, abandon those American citizens who have cast their lot in the Philippine Islands, or fail to fulfill our promise to the world—that we mean to assure the permanence of democratic institutions in those islands."

According to the article in "The Century" from which we have quoted, this is too indefinite to satisfy leading Filipinos. They believe that if independence is not granted them in a few years or at some definitely fixed time they will never get it.

THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

In "The Pacific" of Dec. 3, statistics given by other than party prohibitionists under the title: "Springfield dry and Springfield wet" are sufficient argument for immediate action. If such discreditable facts are made possible in one year wet what are they likely to be in two years, till 1916, for instance? Those who have the welfare of California at heart will assist every effort to improve conditions.

Born and bred a Congregationalist and a member of the First Church of Los Angeles for twenty-five years, I note with special satisfaction that, in the article: "The Nineteen Fourteen Campaign" published in The Pacific, Dec. 17, no Congregational Churches were listed among organizations declining to aid the campaign. It is scarcely worthy of belief that any intelligent voter in any church or society will wish to seem to sanction the saloon by withholding his vote for dry in 1914. To vote "dry" at the earliest possible moment appears the wisest course for Californians to take in mere self defense if we are to avoid the undesirable element being banished from states going dry around us.

Respectfully,

GRACE PHILLIPS NEWHALL.

CONCERNING THE DISSOLUTION OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

To the Editor of the Pacific:

Referring to the formal protest of the Oregon Brotherhood against the dissolution of the National organization, which was printed in a recent issue of the Pacific, I want to say in reply:

The dissolution of the National Brotherhood organization does not change the status of a single local or state Brotherhood. The scope of the new Commission appointed was made broad enough to include the work and program of the national organization of men's clubs, and the Commission proposes to do everything, and more efficiently, from the inside of the denomination, that the National Brotherhood was attempting to do from the outside.

The reason that the National Brotherhood was discontinued was because it was not supported by the men of the denomination. Last year the budget expended was $7,-021.60. Of this sum the state of Oregon contributed only one dollar. To secure this contribution the office sent out thirty letters, so that the net contribution of Oregon last year for the maintenance of the Congregational Brotherhood of America was just forty cents. If the brethren who make the protest know how to do a National work for forty cents a year, the Directors of the Brotherhood will be glad to have the information.

The Social Service Commission will do in every way what the National Brotherhood has been doing and we bespeak for it the hearty co-operation of those who were in favor of the National Brotherhood organization.

HENRY A. ATKINSON, Secretary.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Martinez.—The Rev. Edmund Owens having accepted a call to San Mateo and entered on the work, the Rev. George H. DeKay has been asked to supply until a pastor has been selected. Mr. DeKay began last Sunday.

Los Angeles.—The Church of the Messiah, of which Stanley Ross Fisher is pastor, plans considerable extension of service and influence for the coming year. An assistant for parish work will be secured for Mr. Fisher, and a social service program is arranged for whereby each organization of the parish will study the social welfare plans of Los Angeles to the end that all may relate themselves helpfully to some institution. Fifty persons have pledged attendance at the mid-week meetings where the religious and social questions of the day are to have earnest and frank consideration. At a recent meeting of the church board an increase of $1,000 was voted for the salary of the pastor and a campaign was planned for the wiping out in a few weeks of the debt on the church building. Mr. Fisher has declined three offers recently to go East; but has announced his intention to remain in Los Angeles where he is exerting large influence for good.

DEDICATION AT OCEAN BEACH.

The new and only church building at Ocean Beach, in San Diego county, was dedicated on the 21st of December. The sermon was at 11 a. m., by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. A. Waterman, who has been the leader in this unique work, and to whose inspiration is due to a great extent the success to which the organization has attained.

At 10:30 a. m. there were Bible school dedicatory services with remarks by Rev. H. P. Case, the founder of the Sunday-school.

At 3 p. m. was a service participated in by the Rev. Shelton Bissell of La Jolla; Rev. W. B. Thorp and Judge Sloane of San Diego; Rev. E. S. Hill of National City, Rev. C. Hill of La Mesa, Revs. S. G. Emerson, H. Roberts, E. E. P. Abbott and Mr. G. W. Marston of San Diego.

During the past year the congregation has held services in a large tent, but a determined effort was made to obtain a permanent edifice, with the result that members of the congregation and residents of the community alike contributed their labor free. Everybody worked with a will, with the result that the structure was completed in seventy-two hours.

The usual cornerstone laying ceremonies were dispensed with during the erection of the building and dedication day a regulation stone was brought into the church. The usual documents and mementoes connected with the organization were deposited in the stone and the usual cornerstone laying ceremonies carried off in a most unusual manner.

The new church is one of the prettiest buildings in Ocean Beach and does credit to the willing hands and unselfish hearts that worked for its realization.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational Ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, an address will be given by Christopher Ruess, the Alameda County Probation officer.

A CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE.

A New Precedent and a Good One.

On last Christmas, I attended for the first time in my life, a Christmas service held on Christmas day, except when Christmas came on Sunday, and except at Episcopal churches. And this, not because I would not gladly have done so, but because I knew of no such services to be held by our sort of Christian people. But this only palliates the shame of my confession: Why did I not, at least in my own flock and field, originate such a service? Perhaps I am the more guilty, because I remember to have thought of it, and wished for it several times, and cowardly shrank from it, fearing that it would prove a failure.

My brethren, to whose suggestion and fraternal co-operation we owe this service, seem to have felt the same apprehension that I felt. Since they ventured upon it only after securing the backing of the Federation of all the churches of our sort in the city, so that it was held as a union service, and these churches were represented on the platform by Baptist, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian pastors, and no less a man than Bishop Hughes was called upon to preach. With such a force to lead us, and with the fine musical attractions provided by Trinity Presbyterian church, whose guests we were, a good congregation assembled, nearly filling the floor of the auditorium. And we were richly repaid for coming. All the exercises were good, but the Bishop's sermon was supremely so.

And here, again, a new precedent was started. Giving us as his text Luke 11:28: "Hail thou that art highly favored; the Lord is with thee," the preacher stood on one side of the pulpit and quietly said: "The subject of this discourse is **"Mary,** the Mother of Jesus." I was a little startled, and soon very much pleased. I had never in my life heard a sermon with Mary for its theme. Shame on me that my people, though listening patiently to me for more than thirty years, never heard such a sermon from me.

After apologizing charitably, and at considerable length, for us and for our fathers, in view of our neglect of one whom God selected as fit to be the channel through whom the Son of God became the Son of Man, the Bishop went on to speak of her in a manner which entranced us all. The attention was tense; the silence of the audience was as if not even a breath stirred the air. I will not attempt to give an abstract of the sermon, but I wish that it could be printed and widely read, not only in Protestant but in Roman Catholic circles. Thus Mary herself would come to be duly and acceptably revered, and womanhood and motherhood would be placed on a pedestal of honor such as they ought, in all hearts, to occupy. W. C. P.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. W. E. Eckles has been engaged to assist Superintendent Rathbone in the work of the Northern California Congregational Conference for six months and has entered on the work.

NOT AFRAID.

I stand on the outermost brink,
As far as the path may be trod,
Where mortal brain must cease to think
And the heart cries out for God.

His temple gateway is here
Where I see but the void abyss;

But I know I am His and I need not fear
And I tell my Maker this:

I am not afraid to be Man;
To be Atom where Thou art Whole;
To take my place in the august plan
That circles Thee and my soul.

—Fannie Hodges Newman.

NEW YEAR JOY.

W. W. Lovejoy.

When our sovereign Sun his New-Year turning takes,
Then, through all the land, below above, outbreaks
Earth's o'er-running joy with the lengthening days,
And all growing things life's symphony upraise.
Tiny rootlets, in the dark, wake and thrill
To the raindrops' music and the winds' goodwill.
O the courage (long the waiting), rivalry and mirth,
Ere the bridal,—June and Autumn, Sun and Earth!

The Home.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

"Let me be a little braver,
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be:
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me."

TOO BUSY.

The minister was here the other day. He runs in here when he is blue. And he sat down and told me how hard it is in these days to carry on the work of a church.

"What's happened now?" I inquired gently.

"Why, you see," he said, "I was asked to attend a meeting of the woman's societies in our church the other evening, to plan the work for the coming year."

"Yes?"

"And about all they did was to turn down plan after plan, on the ground that they simply didn't have the strength to undertake it.' They reminded me of their social cares, the time needed for recreation, the time needed for their husbands and families, the numerous charitable works which they were obliged to attend to, and the many other things which people have asked them to do, but which they have not had time to attend to."

"All of which seems quite reasonable."

"Yes; but the mischief of it is that when they got through they were exhausted, just with recounting their embarrassments, and had to have some refreshments before they could get home. They hadn't done anything, nor planned to do anything."

"Of course men are not like that," I said.

"The men are worse," he affirmed, though perhaps I ought not repeat such an injudicious remark. "I sometimes wonder," he went on, "how they ever get any business done—they are such fuss-budgets and mollycoddles when it comes to work. I suppose the point is that they are compelled to do things in their every-day lives while the church has no power of compulsion. At any rate, they resolve and discuss and delegate and—adjourn! I'm getting discouraged; it don't seem to be possible to get the church's business done."

"Too bad," I said, as sympathetically as I could. "To what do you attribute this untoward condition?"

"Oh, lots of things—clubs and social cliques, card parties, business—very pressing in these days, educational and self-culture courses, which affect the young, and a host of other things."

The next day I met a church trustee on the street. I knew that he found a great deal of enjoyment in bowling.

"Well, what's the highest score you've bowled lately?" I asked.

"Pshaw!" said he, "I haven't bowled in so long, I hardly know. The fellows don't seem to get around. We've tried to have a little bowling club, and meet on a regular night to bowl; but it won't work. One thing and another comes up, and you can't get them out."

"What seems to detain them?"

"Well, you see, they are very busy, most of them. They work hard all day, and when they get home at night they'd rather settle down for comfort, or friends come in, or something like that—and they don't get to it."

"That is certainly too bad," I remarked and passed on.

Later in the day I called in to see my friend Baker, who has the receivership for the Bricks and Mortar National Bank, which went up last year.

"Working hard?" I inquired, "you seem to be."

"Working hard!" he retorted. "Well, I never got into such a mess in my life before. These schedules which the department requires me to fill out are unusually difficult until you get the hang of them. And then—the affairs of that bank! you wouldn't believe it!" He held up both hands in a gesture of dismay.

"Bad?" I remarked foolishly.

"Bad is no name for it. Why, they allowed one concern to make overdraughts to the amount of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And they were carrying seventy thousand dollars worth of paper which they themselves considered worthless, and we have added fifty thousand more to that."

"Pshaw!" I remarked irrelevantly. "Somebody must have been asleep."

"Worse than that, I'm afraid," he answered. "Why, there were three men on their discount committee" (and he named them), "and in meeting after meeting which they were supposed to have had, the only member who was present to take action on those papers was Smithers!"

"Criminal carelessness!" I exclaimed. "What do you suppose they alleged in excuse for such conduct?"

"I suppose they were too busy; I don't know. The stockholders are suing them for negligence."

I left him with his schedules and came away.

Towards noon I met Professor Rutt, who has charge of

the evening classes for young working men, in the University Extension program. Among other things, I said to him: "This is a great day for the young, Professor. Youth is coming into its own. The fellow who wants it bad enough can get an education these days!"

"Yes," he answered slowly, and closed one eye thoughtfully as he spoke; "but you'd be surprised to see how many of them have dropped out by the time spring rolls around. They start in well enough, and some of them do very well for a time, but they peter out! they peter out!"

This brought me up with a start. "Why, I'm surprised!" I said. "How do you explain that unhappy state of affairs?"

He shrugged his shoulders and looked thoughtful. "I don't know," he ventured, "they seem to have so many other things on hand—social affairs, amusements, and then I suppose they work hard through the day, and they really haven't strength to keep going. I sometimes have my doubts about the whole extension work."

I was beginning to feel depressed without knowing exactly why, so I thought I would look in, on my way home, upon an old acquaintance who, had been told, was "very bad off."

"Morton," said I, as I looked into his hollow eyes, "I'm sorry to see you like this, old man. What seems to be the trouble?"

"I really don't know," he answered, "all I know is that I'm in awful bad shape. I'm in bad shape when I don't do anything, and a great deal worse when I do. In fact, I can't do anything at all. I know there are all sorts of things I ought to do, and any quantity of things that I would like to do, but the most I can do is to recognize them —at a distance. I daren't get familiar with any of them, for as sure as I do—Pop! I'm all in." He snapped his fingers to imitate the pop, and also to show his brave disgust. All attempts to get anything further out of him as to to the nature of his disease were unavailing. All he would say was that that was his disease, and that it was a disease. Some kind of a nervous disorder, I suppose. I went home feeling very low.

Later in the week, however, I wrote a nice little note to the minister, and told him of my experience. And I reminded him that, while everybody had a touch of the same difficulties which were perplexing him, they didn't all have the spiritual consolations and inspirations which he had. And I urged him to remember that, and do what he could to help them all, for they certainly need all the spiritual help they can get.—A. E. Thistleton in the Congregationlist.

MISTAKES AND FAILURES.

Every woman is apt to mourn over the mistakes and failures she has made, and to think of them as handicaps on future efforts. Of course, we are bound to regret things which have turned out wrongly, though, as is often the case, we acted at the time with the best intentions. None of us like to think of ourselves as fools, and when we have made mistakes it is apt to take the life out of our efforts, at least for a while, and give us a very discouraged and disheartened outlook upon life. It is but natural to feel sorry for our blunders, and it certainly would not do for us to pass over them lightly and not think of them at all. It is exactly as foolish, however, to brood over them and feel that they can mar our future work.

Mistakes, failures, blunders, all can be made useful to us; made to serve us, if we but go about it in the right way, not regarding them either too morbidly or too lightly. If a woman is to be successful in the business world she certainly cannot afford to make too many mistakes, yet no one is perfect, and so when a blunder is made it is best to turn it into a sort of stepping stone for better things, for wiser efforts to follow in the days to come.

Don't be discouraged; discouragement never helped any one. Simply face the failure and admit it frankly and fearlessly. Don't above all else, attempt to make excuses or try to blame it upon some one else. At the same time determine that you will learn from experience and that the blunder will not be made again.

Study your mistake, whether it came during the day's work or in the other affairs of life. See how you came to make it, where your lack of judgment failed you or where impulses led you astray. The woman who is to succeed in life is not the kind that tries to throw the blame upon another, but is the one who is honest and has the moral strength to take what she deserves, and sometimes what she doesn't deserve, without crying out that it is unfair or trying to make excuses. She simply turns all such happenings into the mill of experience, so that they issue out of that mill as knowledge to be used afterward in preventing repetition of the same or other blunders. Life is not all an easy path to be lightly or carelessly trodden, and the successful business woman is the one who has made mistakes, but who has refused to let them overwhelm her; who has faced them fully but without discouragement, profiting by them and through them acquiring her present high position. Don't let mistakes or blunders hinder your future efforts. They, one and all, can be used as a ladder upon which one can blimb beyond the possibility of ever making them again. So turn your failures into friends and helpers, and refuse to let them remain enemies.—Ex.

For The Children.

GROWN-UP LAND.

"Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way, never a stop.
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town!'

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray.
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land,—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand!
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town!"

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.
—City and Country.

FUZZY'S FLYING MACHINE.

Once upon a time in Wormland lived little Fuzzy Caterpillar. He was a queer fuzzy-wuzzy sort of a chap, who crawled along the ground with his nose down, and his little feet keeping right straight ahead. Once in a while, when he grew very tired crawling, he took a swing in the willow tree just for a change.

None of the other little worms of Wormland understood Fuzzy. He never seemed to want to play games with them or stand and talk about the neighbor worms. He never was busy doing anything—he just crawled and swung, and swung and crawled.

"What a queer fellow!" said Sister Angleworm. "Why doesn't he get at something? He'll never become famous crawling over the ground all his life with his nose down."

"I've never seen such a fellow," said Borey Worm, as he peeped from an apple which had fallen from its beautiful tree home, because borey had been making his home in it when he had no business there.

"I couldn't stand being such a lazy, fat, woolly creature," said Hookey Fish Worm. "He doesn't even wiggle."

"He hasn't enough energy to wiggle," answered Slimy Snail,—as they gossiped together. "Why on earth doesn't he shed that heavy coat in the summer?"

"He has been shedding coats right along," said Hookey. "Haven't you noticed the different colors of his coats? But each one seems to get heavier. Just watch him. He has a new one every few days."

"Well, all that worries me is his laziness," said Sister Angleworm. "I just wish he'd get at something."

Fuzzy only crawled along, smiling at all that the little worms had to say about him.

"I wonder whether I am lazy?" said he. "I can't work at silly things like eating holes in leaves or hiding away in apples, so that I can bore my way into the sunlight. I want to do something worth while. Some day I'll surprise them. and then they won't think I am sleepy and lazy. Folks who want to become great have to spend some time thinking."

So he spent his days crawling along, and his nights resting. One day hed a wonderful thought.

"I have a funny feeling under this thick coat of mine," said he. "Something tells me that, if I tried, I could fly some day. Why can't I invent a flying machine? If only I can do that, they won't make fun of me."

And he kept on crawling, never minding what the other little worms had to say, shedding coat after coat, and eating everything he could find to make him strong. One day he he climbed into the willow tree for a swing.

"Guess I might as well begin my work," said he. "This is a good place. The little bugs and worms can't bother me up here with their silly talk."

Little by little he let himself down from the tip of a leaf, spinning a long silk thread. Little by little the thread grew thicker as Fuzzy went down. Little by little he spun around and around until he had woven a beautiful silk bag. Then he got in the centre of it, and spun himself close into a little silk bed.

"I like this work," said Fuzzy. "My, but it is interesting! I wish I could do more, but I am so sleepy. Guess I'll try my cocoon bed, and take a nap. Perhaps if I do, my dream may come true. If it does, won't I surprise Borey and Hookey and Slimy! I do hope I will. I've—been—working—very—h-a-rd.

And Fuzzy slept in his cocoon bed,
His queer silk covers drawn over his head.

There he stayed for many weeks. Uncle Sun watched over his bed by day, and Aunty Moon and the star babies twinkled at him all night. As for the little worms of Wormland they gazed up at his funny bed, which looked so much like a silk ball, and thought he was done for,—for how could he breathe in such a place?

"We always knew he never would amount to anything," they said one day as they talked together.

But up in the willow-tree Fuzzy was awakening. My! but he felt funny. Not a bit like crawling down to his worm friends. He stretched himself—then

Off flew the covers from over his head,
And down fell the sides of his queer cocoon bed,

and out into the world, right through the air, flew Fuzzy, seated in the most wonderful, brightest-colored aeroplane in the world. So quickly, so easily he flew, that he almost forgot his name had ever been Fuzzy Caterpillar, for the birds of the air were shouting, "Look at Swifty Butterfly and his flying machine!"

And the little worms of Wormland? Well, you never saw such a lot of excited, wiggling creatures as they were! Hookey Fish Worm came crawling up to Slimy Snail's cottage door.

"Look overhead, will you?" said he. "Isn't that Fuzzy Caterpillar we used to make fun of here in the village? That lazy fellow?"

"That's who it is," shouted Slimy. "Say, Fuzzy, where'd you get that flying machine?"

"Made it—made it! Thought it out while I was crawling around, while you fellows gossiped" answered Fuzzy, as he sat drinking a honey soda in the Rose Bush Restaurant.

Then away he flew from one flower town to another, drinking honey cups everywhere and the little worms watched how the birds played with him.

"Who ever would have dreamed that Fuzzy would be so famous?" said Hookey Fish Worm.

"Who indeed?" echoed the other little worms of Wormland.—Edna Groff Deihl, in the Sunday School Times.

BOBBY'S GRAY SQUIRREL.

Little Bobby Gray Squirrel came out of his tree home one cold day in winter and found the woods and fields covered with a thick crust of snow ice. It had been snowing the day before, and this had turned to rain and sleet, and then a cold wave in the middle of the night had frozen everything hard.

It was unfortunate for Bobby, because the day before his supply of nuts stored away in the tree had all been eaten up. He was very hungry now, and he looked at the snow ice with dismay.

"I must dig under the snow for my breakfast," he said, shivering. "I ought to have done it yesterday."

Like all squirrels, Bobby had buried a lot of juicy nuts in the ground. No one knew where these were except Bobby. They were his reserve stock, to be used only when his supply in the tree was exhausted.

Bobby scrambled down the ice-coated tree, and landed plump on the snow with all four feet. The crust was glazed with ice, and Bobby could barely make an impression on it with his sharp claws. He skated and slid rather

than ran along the ice to another tree.

There he began to dig and tear frantically at the snow crust, but he could make no impression on it. He tried to gnaw through the ice with his sharp teeth, and he did succeed in getting one little tooth through.

But the sharp ice cut his feet and made his gums bleed, and all the while he was getting colder and hungrier. He scampered off to another place where his nuts were buried, but the ice was just as thick and hard here.

'What am I going to do?" Bobby asked himself in despair. "I'll starve if I can't get at my nuts. Oh why didn't I dig them before this storm and lay some by for a rainy day!"

Just then, when Bobby was at his wits' end, a bear came lumbering through the woods, crunching heavily through the snow crust. The bear was very hungry, too, and, when he spied Bobby crouching down under the tree, he thought what a delicious morsel he'd make Bobby pretended he was asleep or overcome with the cold.

The bear approached cautiously and made a dive at him with a big paw, but Bobby leaped to a tree branch, and from this began scolding and chattering loudly. The bear walked around and around the tree, greedily watching the angry little squirrel.

Finally, Bobby laughed outright and ran to the top of the tree. "Go away, Bruin, and let me have my breakfast!" he cried. "And thank you for getting it ready for me."

Now the bear sniffed at the mere suggestion of breakfast, and he hunted all around for it, but he couldn't find it. Then he went away in a huff, thinking that Bobby had been making fun of him.

But no sooner was the bear out of sight than Bobby scampered down the tree and began digging for his nuts. The bear had trampled through the snow crust all around the tree, breaking the ice into a thousand little pieces, and Bobby had no difficulty in digging up his buried nuts.

"It's a good thing bears have big feet," Bobby said reflectively, as he munched the first nut, "and also that they don't know how to dig for nuts in the ground. I think I'll dig a lot of them to-day, and not get caught short like this again."

Bobby learned his lesson so well that he spent most of the day carrying nuts to his tree home, and when he was through he went to sleep, with a full stomach, and dreamt of spring.—George Ethelbert Walsh in the Churchman.

MY CONSCIENCE.

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
"Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at night. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't more,
"You know me—shore?'
"Oh, yes," says I, a-tremblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around—'tel plum daylight,
When you air out o'sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o'grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and grabs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with big butt-end
O, that thing—'tel my closest friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you'd orto be
And allus think o' me!"

—James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.

No man can live outside the law of God, for he carries it within himself. "He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul."

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